

THE
PHYSIOLOGY OF TEETOTALISM.

A LECTURE

—BY—

REV. S. ANNEAR;

DELIVERED IN THE VESTRY OF THE FREE BAPTIST CHURCH,
FREDERICTON, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1883.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

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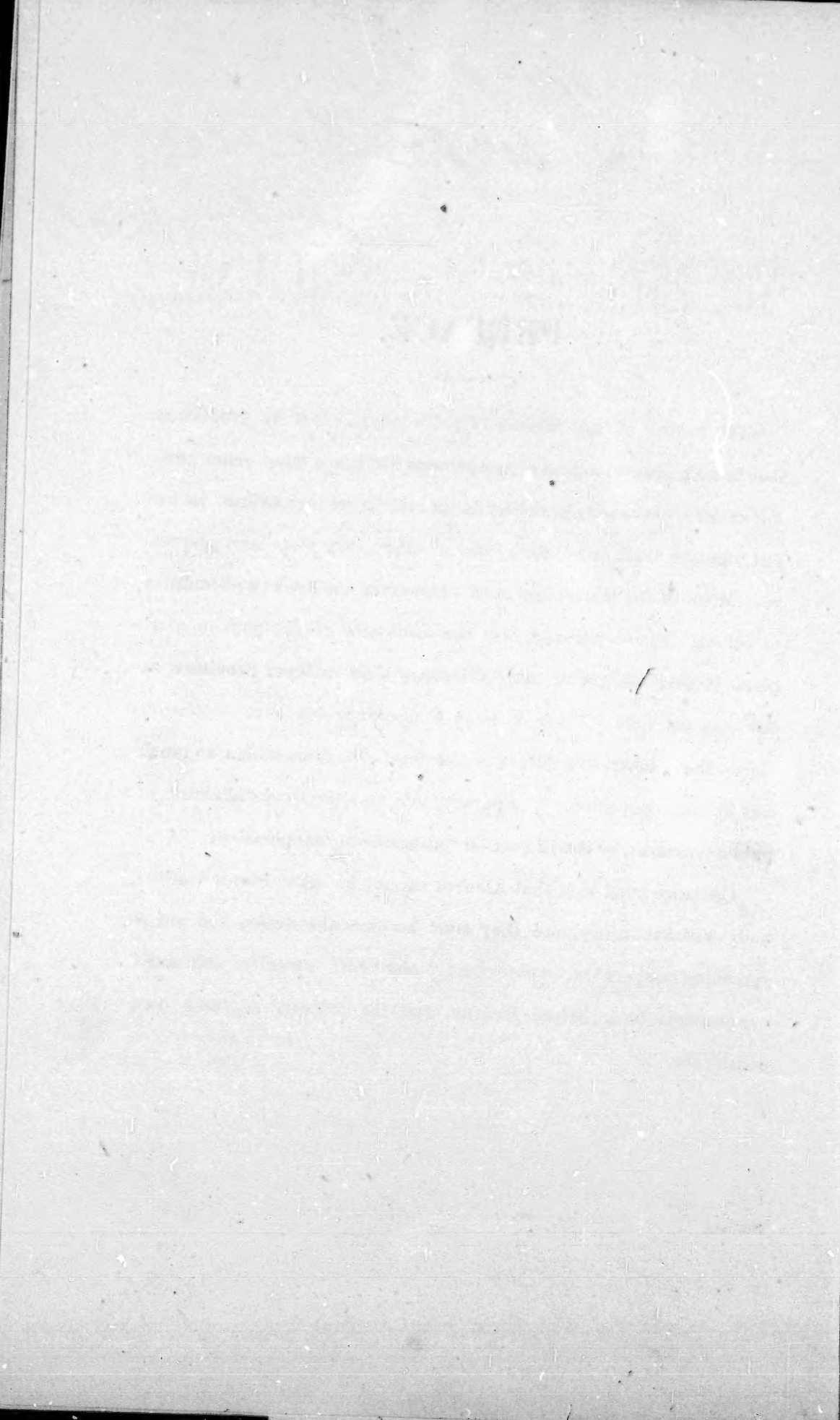
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Mr P E Mc Kerron
with the author
Kissed Respect,

PREFACE.

The author of this lecture is not a physiologist by profession. But having been a student of temperance literature many years, reading various works on physiology in its relation to teetotalism, he has put together some of the thoughts collected in the form here presented. Much of the matter has been taken from the books and lectures of others. Never, perhaps, was the discussion of the physiological phase of total abstinence more necessary than in these Provinces at the present time. There is more temperance *law* than *sentiment*. Hence the comparative failure of the *Scott Act*, from which so much was by some expected. Temperance *law* must be a crystalization of public *sentiment*, or it will ever be comparatively inoperative.

Convince good men that Alcohol cannot be taken into a healthy body without injury, and they *must* become abstainers, and aid in spreading temperance, or else compromise their integrity, and stand condemned, both before Heaven, and the tribunal of their own conscience.



THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TEETOTALISM.

In the discussion of this subject, let us consider,

FIRST—The *Body* and its *Wants* ;

SECOND—*Alcohol*, in its *Nature*, and *Effects*; and

THIRD—*Why* I should be a *Teetotaler*.

FIRST, What is the human body? It is a divine instrument of action; an organ of use; machinery, for doing the work of life. And I add, it is the most wonderful organism; the most perfect, as well as complicated machinery, with which we are acquainted. Virtually, within this body of ours, are deposited all the arts, sciences, and mechanism of the world. The progress of art and science is, so to speak, but the unfolding of the mysteries of this living temple.

Our first parents were the monarchs of earth. Truly, they wielded no golden sceptre, yet, houseless, naked, and weaponless, as they seemed, the author said to them, "Go ye forth from the centre where I have placed you to all the habitations of earth, and assert your dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and the cattle upon ten thousand hills. Go ye forth and master the secrets of the world; borrow the power and resources of the material realm; become the priests and the interpreters; and finally, the masters of nature. Go ye forth and subdue the earth."

The *Body* is the first natural instrument with which that Divine command is to be wrought out. The body, therefore, is the instrument with which we have formed and fashioned all others.

What is the *idea* of an instrument? You never knew one made of water; much less of gas, or vapor. Volatile, liquid, gaseous, or ethereal matter, is not the basis of an instrument. Solidity is at the bottom of all mechanism, and there-

fore at the bottom of the organism of this body. The body consists of many parts, all of which are based upon solids. Wherever there is work done, it is with solid matter as the essential instrument. Therefore, as the law is, "go and subdue the earth," so, as essentially connected with that law, is the living body the instrument by which it has to be executed.

Consider the body first in its *Anatomy*, or *skeleton*. First we have the great pillars of the legs, and the spinal column, crowned with its expanded vertebræ; and that collateral sceptre of man's dominion, the royal arm and hand—most cunning instrument of all, upon which volumes might be written, and yet leave the wonder of this master work unexhausted. And then, lastly, the golden roof of the most sacred part, protecting the instrument of thought; the golden roof of the Holy of Holies in this living temple.

A *second* system, is equally necessary. What doctor ever knew a skeleton walk out of its case in the surgery, and compound his physic for him, and thus save him the cost of an apprentice? The skeleton, like the locomotive, and the powerloom, is an instrument for working with; it must be worked by something else. It may be illustrated by the crane beam. By the beam resting on its pivot, and by the drum, the wheel, and the chain, you lift enormous weight to the pinnacles of your public buildings and temples. So it is with the human body. There is an elastic rope, or chain,—it does not matter what we call it, or what it is made of. Here (holding out the arm) we have an elastic instrument called muscle, that directs an extended lever, which moves upon its pivot. This part of the human system, the flesh, or technically the muscles, is a system of multitudinous instruments tied fast to the various bones, and which, by their power of contraction and expansion, move the bones. Our muscles are the "gearing" that works this living machinery.

But then we want a *third* system. Who, so to speak, works the wheel? It is no use having a chain, and a main beam, unless there is a man at the wheel to work it. You must have a servant there. Who is the servant? You say I

work it. You are mistaken. You no more work it, than the proprietor of your foundry on the river's bank, himself a resident on the distant hills, works its machinery.

Here are the instruments that do the work (pointing to the hands and arms) and I live here, (the head) at the west end of the city; high up, far away from the workmen. I must have something which connects myself here, with my servant yonder. Bone is good. Muscle is good. But they are servants that do not know what to do. For example, they do not know that I am thirsty; though they are willing to obey me when I inform them. Hence I must have a road from my residence in this palatial mansion of the brains, to every part of my living domain. And I have. From the brain there stream down through the spinal column, and branch off to every organ of the body, beautiful white lines called nerves—the motor nerves;—the nerves that keep your heart beating, and your lungs breathing, and those also that enable you to do the work of life. They go from the brain. They are the paths and instruments for carrying messages, and thus we see that a telegraph is no new thing. They go from the office here, to every servant of the system; to shoulder, to arm, to hand, and they say “do,” and the servant does.

The *fourth* part of the system, you see at once, is the brain, or telegraph office, where the master lives, or where by nature is appointed to live—though he is sometimes from home. He lives here purposely to legislate; but before he can legislate wisely, he must get instructed in the college of life; must learn to know, and to think, so that he may act wisely, and well. Such is the function of the brain. And then we must have a fifth system, that which instructs, or educates the brain. This is another system of nerves, diviner telegraphs than those others. They carry your messages, but these the messages of Heaven. “The firmament showeth His handiwork.” The stars blaze in glory, the moon illumines like a lamp by night, and the sun irradiates and vivifies our globe by day. But how do we know these works of God. Because He sends His light, which as the herald of His will, passes

into the telescope of the eye, leaves its pictorial impression upon the retina, and the nerve telegraphs the message to the brain within, so that the soul, before dark, is lit up with beauty and glory.

Thus the body of man is composed of bones, the mechanical power, the basis of our organic life; of muscle, or flesh, that works the bone, and directs it to its ends; of efferent nerve, that moves the muscles; of brain, that instructed directorate, which directs the nerves to move the muscles, and accomplish outward action; and the sentient nerves, which connected with the gateway of knowledge, the five senses, and the general muscular sense, take the material of knowledge conveyed, and concentrates it as an idea upon the brain itself. To this point, we have said nothing of the essential difference between the body and the machine: between the bodily house, and the house made with hands. We proceed to this now, and say of every atom of bone, muscle, nerve, and tissue, within us: it is a vital machine; it is a living house; what does living mean? Is it a thing, or a state? A state, not an entity. You can get me the being that lives, but not the life. Now what is the attribute of life? We all know. Our proverbs, and the proverbs of every people say, "Warm as life; Cold as death." "Quick (or moving) as life; still as death." Warmth and movement are the everlasting attributes of vital organism. Where there is no warmth, there is no life. Where there is no warmth, there is no movement. Where you have life in the animal, you must have heat. What is the law of heat? This, it radiates. It is here now, gone the next moment. It radiates from solids, and "evaporates" as we say, from fluids; passes from the condition of real heat, into another form of force, which we call latent heat. The water you boil, will not keep hot, it grows cold. The hot iron will not remain at a white heat, it grows black and frigid. In like manner, our bodies are always losing heat, and therefore, like the iron and water, would always be growing cold, had provision not been made to keep up a fresh and due sup-

ply of heat, and, therefore, keep up as before, the ordinary condition of vitality.

Let us go to the *second* attribute of life, movement. What is the attribute of movement? Change. All mortal things that move, change. The solid machinery of your waterworks wears away. The brass and steel of the watch, wear away with every beat, and every movement, and if that is true of the mighty locomotive, the watch, and the clock; it cannot be less true of the wonderfully fine, elaborate, subtle, and delicate machinery of the living body, of this bone, always growing and decaying; this muscle, always contracting and extending; of this nerve always supplying it with impulse; of this brain, evermore waking or dreaming, transmitting messages,—though we have not always the memory of them,—and of this heart

**“Like muffled drum forever beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”**

It is a fact, that we cannot glance the eye, nor hear a whisper; we cannot lift a finger, or tread a step, without the work that is done inducing an alteration, a change; some fixed wear and tear in the instrument by which it was effected. The second loss, therefore, of the human body, is obviously the loss of the substance of which it is composed, and we can now readily answer the question, “why do we want food?” It is because of this daily loss, first of heat, and therefore of the matter of heat; and second, of this daily and perpetual loss of the material of the body itself; therefore the necessity of that daily, heartfelt prayer, “Give us this day our daily bread.” We now know what bread is. These necessities of the body, teach us that it is everything, and anything, that God has given us in the outer nature; in garden, field, or forest; which, being introduced into the body shall, in the first place, by assimilating to the blood, build up the waste, or, in the second, innocently, and efficiently warm the living temple. We have two losses; therefore we have two wants; the want of matter of heat to warm us, and of matter of substance to

build up our wasted frames. We constantly want two sorts of food, and only two. Has nature then given us but two kinds of food? No one could conceive the use of three, and therefore you will not find three.

Having thus spoken of the *Body* and its *Wants*,—we leave our first topic; introducing our second,—*Alcohol* in its *Nature*, and *Effects*,—with the statement, that the greatest authorities, of all countries, unite in declaring that there is nothing in Alcohol to meet in any sense or degree these requirements. They all rank it with the things that are dietetically bad. We are not now speaking of physic, but food—breakfast, dinner, and tea; adapted material to meet the waste ever going on, as already shown. In certain diseases, Doctors tell us, alcohol may be usefully employed to check that waste by hardening or screwing up the tissues, and thus protract life. But this supposes an abnormal state, and must necessarily be temporary.

And we may here ask, whence comes Alcohol? It is not found in Nature. Other poisons are, arsenic, opium, tobacco, prussic acid; the poisoning principle inheres in these. Not so in the substances, or elements, when Alcohol is extracted,—in their natural state. It is not found in the grape, in the apple, in the corn, the rye, the peach, the beet root. And before these can be made to produce it, there must be decay, decomposition, and death. Alcohol is the fruit of unnatural, murderous death. Yet some say it is a “good creature of God.” NEVER WAS GREATER MISTAKE; with as much truth you might say, Aaron’s Golden Calf was a good creature of God. God made the *Gold*; Aaron made the *Calf*. God made the *grape*, and *corn*; but man makes the *Alcohol*. Hence it is no more a “creature of God, than those idols of which Paul speaks, “graven by art and MAN’S device.” (Acts 17: 29). The distinction here made between the idol and the gold, we make between the natural elements of Alcohol as given in nature, and those perverted forms in which human art has conspired to place them.

But by its *fruits* we shall know it. Let us prove it by

this just and true test. To give the question every possible advantage on the side of the drinker, we will speak of Alcohol as found in *wine, beer, and spirits*. Of these liquors we say—*First*, They cannot be nourishment, because the nutritive matter in them is so small. Liebig—no enemy to beer—says this: "We can prove with mathematical certainty, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table knife, is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a man who is able daily to consume that amount of beer, obtains from it in a whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituents which is contained in a five pound loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh." So, a glass of wine contains just a grain of nutriment in the form of sugar.

Nor *Secondly*, can they aid digestion. If we wish to preserve a curious Fish, or reptile, from decomposition, what do we do by it? Put it into whiskey, and it is hardened; tanned; preserved. Can the whiskey do otherwise, as far as its influence extends, when placed in our stomach? Can it not harden and tan the fish there, as well as in the bottle? What difference, whether we put the stomach into the tan pit, or put the tan pit into the stomach?

Many experiments have been made with a view to ascertain whether mixing alcohol with the gastric juice increases or lessens its power to decompose food, and the results of all of them point to the conclusion, that the alcohol retards the process of decomposition. A little alcohol retards it a little, and much retards it much.

Thirdly. Nor is it a heat producing fluid. On the contrary it appears in all cases to diminish the efficiency of the heat producing process. All who are exposed to cold for hours at a time, know this by personal experience; and all the arctic voyagers attest it. Brandy is destruction when men have to face a temperature of sixty degrees below zero. They want lamp oil then; and the rich blubber of the whale and the walrus. Dr. Rae, who made two or three pedestrian tours of the polar regions, and whose powers of endurance were put

to as severe a test as man's ever were, is clear, and emphatic on this point. "Brandy," he says, "stimulates but for a few minutes, and greatly lessens a man's power to endure cold and fatigue." Omnibus drivers, who drink freely, are much sooner benumbed and overcome by the cold, than teetotallers. It may seem strange, when we first hear it, that a meagre abstainer, should be safer in a cold, biting, freezing wind, than the bloated, red faced drinker. Yet such is the case.

A traveller relates, that when Russian troops are about to start upon a march in a very cold region, no grog is allowed to be served them. The reason is, that men who start under the influence of liquor, are the first to succumb to the cold, and become frost-bitten. It is the uniform experience of the hunters and trappers in the cold northern regions, and of the Rocky Mountains, that Alcohol diminishes their power to resist cold.

Fourth, Still less is alcohol a strength giver. The fact already shown, that it contains no nutriment, is of itself sufficient to prove this. But we are not applying the practical test.

Every man that ever trained for a supreme exertion of strength, knows that Tom Sayers spoke the truth when he said: "I'm no teetotaller, but when I've any business to do, there's nothing like water, and the Dumb Bells." But we appeal not to isolated cases, but to the experience of millions of men and women of all ranks, to young and old; rich and poor; engaged in all employments, sedentary, and laborious; living in all climates, from the torrid to the frigid zones, and all the intermediate temperate zones; to persons in England, India, Greenland, Norway, Australia, Africa;—to Franklin, and Kane, amidst the arctic snows and everlasting icebergs; and to Livingstone in Central Africa;—we appeal to the civilian and the soldier; to the man engaged in the strongest labor at the forge, and to the anchor-smith—and to the men whom I have seen at Woolwich making the Lancaster shot, probably the most difficult work ever yet performed by man, and it was found that only a teetotal band could finish it. We appeal to men and women by millions; to those who have

tried abstinence not only for days, but for years; to persons comprehending every possible variety of complexion and constitution, and therefore including your "peculiar constitution," and we ask: What is the result? They answer—a cloud of witnesses broad enough, and dense enough to eclipse all the opinions in the world—"We are as well without those drinks as with them." What more? we ask, and the response from eighty out of every hundred is still more emphatic: "We are in body and in mind better, far better, without these drinks than with them." The logic is conclusive: if better without than with, then worse with than without.

Nearly all medical men and physiologists of prominence, testify that the dietetic use of alcohol is positively, and in every case, injurious to the body.

If their wine does not nourish us; does not assist the decomposition of food; does not warm; does not strengthen; what does it do? We all know that when we drink alcoholic liquor, it effects the brain immediately, and it effects the brain injuriously, at once lessening its power to discern and discriminate.

Should I now take a glass of any kind of liquor, the probability is, I should lose the power to continue my speaking effectively. I should see things double, and begin to utter paradoxes, and spurts of extravagance, at once perceptible to you; and furnishing to me painful reminiscences in the morning. Any one might by this experiment—though I do not recommend it—take two glasses of wine, and then immediately apply yourself to the hardest task your mind ever has to perform, and you will find you cannot do it. Let any temperate student, just before he sits down to his mathematics, drink a pint of the purest beer, and he will be painfully conscious of his loss of power. In some way this alcohol gets to his brain, and injures it. We are conscious of this, and we can observe it. It is among the wine-drinking classes of our fellow beings, that absurd, incomplete, and reactionary ideas prevail. The receptive, the curious, the candid, the trustworthy brains—those that do not take things for granted,

and yet are ever open to conviction—such heads, as a rule, are to be found on the shoulders of men who drink little or none of those seductive fluids. Blacklegs, sharpers, and gamblers, even admit all this, and hence are noted for their sobriety, when there is work on hand. They get their victims to drink, while themselves studiously abstain. Gentlemen, is there nothing to be learnt from this? Here, perhaps, we shall be met with the case of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, as a triumphant proof that strong mental powers, and great effort, may be connected with the free use of intoxicating liquor.

Let it be recollected, however, that his most successful and laborious literary work, was accomplished before he had the means of intemperance; stern poverty imposing the necessity of abstemiousness. And further, we should remember that ever afterwards, he found it periodically necessary to be not only “temperate,” but abstinent. “By abstinence from wine, and suppers” says he in his ‘prayers and meditations,’ “I obtained sudden and great relief; and had freedom of mind restored to me, which I have wanted for all this year, without being able to find any means of obtaining it.”

Nor should it be forgotten how dreadful were the sufferings of this powerful mind, in consequence of intemperance; how it rendered him gross in his manners; irritable, and overbearing in his temper; and how it kept him, “through fear of death, all his life time subject to bondage.”

What dreadful havoc did the use of alcohol produce in Pope, Byron, Burns, Dryden, and others? Who would desire their fame, if he must possess their unlovely characters, and endure their dreadful sufferings? Had they dashed, or for ever have kept from their lip, the intoxicating cup, how happy might their lives have been, and how much higher might they have inscribed their names on the pedestal of genius and learning! To them, life seemed a curse; and death at best, a leap in the dark.

But let us take a popular view of this part of our subject, from a new stand point. Were the human body transparent, and the operations of its organs in sustaining life visible, every

man might see that nature itself, or rather God, by the operation of his providence in sustaining life, teaches, that the drinking of alcohol is wicked, and cannot be continued by man without hastening his death.

The receptacle for food, is the stomach and intestines. From these, after being changed into chyle, proper food is taken up by absorbent vessels, and carried into the blood, and conveyed to the right side of the heart; from which it is sent to the lungs; and by coming into contact with the air, and taking out of it what it needs, in order with what it has, to nourish the body, it is sent back again to the left side of the heart. From this it is sent in arteries, or tubes which God has prepared for that purpose, to all parts of the body; carrying the nourishment which it contains, and which every part needs, to its proper place.

Along all the lines of these tubes, or canals, through which the blood, with its treasure flows, God has provided a vast number of little organs, or waiters, whose office is, each one to take out of the blood, as it comes along, that kind and quantity of nourishment which it needs for its own support, and also for the support of that part of the body which is committed to its care. And although exceedingly minute and delicate, they are endowed with the wonderful power of doing this, and also of abstaining from, or of expelling and throwing back into the common mass, what is unsuitable, or what they do not want; to be carried to some other place where it may be needed; or if it is not needed anywhere, and is good for nothing, to be thrown out of the body as a nuisance.

And marvellous are the accuracy, the precision, and the perpetuity, with which they perform these functions. For instance, the organs placed at the end of the fingers; when the blood comes there, take out of it what they need for their support; and also what is needed to make finger nails, while they will cautiously abstain from, or repel that which only makes hair, and let it go on to the head. And the organs on the head, carefully take out that which they need for their support, and also that which will make hair, or in common

language, cause it to grow ; while they will cautiously abstain from taking that which is good for nothing, except to make eye balls, and let it go to the eyes, and will even help it on. And the organs about the eyes will take that, and work it up into eyes, or cause them to grow,—and so throughout the whole system. And there is among all the millions and millions of these workers, day and night, all diligent in business, the most entire and everlasting harmony. And there is also the most delicate and wonderful sympathy. If one member suffers, all the members instinctively suffer with it. And if one member rejoices, all rejoice with it. And when the blood has gotten out to the extremities, and been to all parts of the system, and left its treasures all along the way, as they were needed, (for freely it has received, and freely it gives), then there is another set of tubes, or channels which God has opened and prepared to take the blood, and with it, what was not needed, or was good for nothing, or had been used till it was worn out, back again to the right side of the heart. From this it is sent again with its load to the lungs, for the purpose, by respiration of throwing off what is not needed, and what, if retained, would only be a burden and do mischief; and also, by inspiration, of taking in a new store, and setting out again on its journey around the system. And to give it good speed, the heart, like a steam engine, worked not by fires which man can kindle, but by the breath of the Almighty, keeps constantly moving, day and night, summer and winter, through storms and sunshines, sickness and health, till it has landed the immortal passenger on the shores of eternity.

With regard to those organs whose business it is to select or deposit in proper places, a suitable kind, and quantity of nourishment for the growth and support of the system,—how do they treat Alcohol? Do they take it up, and use it, for making flesh, or bones, or anything by which the body is nourished, beautified, and supported? No. They all with one consent instinctively and instantly reject it. It goes to one, class, and they reject it, to another, and they reject it, and then to another, and another, and so on, but they all reject it,

and will not, if they can prevent it, suffer it even to stop. No one will embrace it, or look at it as a friend, but all view it as an enemy, and treat its coming as a hostile invasion. Nor do they merely let it alone, but they all fight against it. This increases their labor, and they soon languish. Nor does the enemy let them alone, or merely fail to benefit them. It fights against them, and thus draws them off from their proper work, or goads them on unmercifully, till they become frantic. Having to labor amidst the fire and the fumes of an irritating and poisonous enemy, the organs become themselves irritated and chafed; their sensibilities are blunted, and they do their work badly. Then the parts of the system which are dependant on those organs, and suffer through their derangement, begin to complain of those organs, and they, provoked, retort back again. The harmony is destroyed, the kindness of the system annihilated, confusion ensues, and every evil work. In their frenzy they bite and devour one another, and are thus consumed one of another. While the common enemy is chased on from organ to organ, marking his course with irregularity of action, and disturbance of function, and if he cannot be expelled or destroyed, will produce certain death. Nor is this all. There is another set of organs, as shown under our first head, whose office is to furnish sensibility to the human system. For this purpose they are spread over the surface of the whole body, and in such vast numbers and variety, that you cannot pierce the skin with even the finest needle, and not strike some of them, and thus occasion pain. They seem to form the link between the body and the mind, and to be the medium through which one reciprocally acts upon the other. Of course whatever affects them, affects not only the body, but also the soul, and the influence one has upon the other. Their seat is the brain. From this they derive excitement, and power to communicate it to other parts of the system. And in order to furnish this excitement, the brain must itself be excited. And what it needs for this purpose, is that, and only that, which is furnished by arterial blood, when men take nothing but suitable food and drink, exercise, rest, and sleep.

For this excitement it eagerly waits; and this it joyfully receives; and cheerfully, with the rapidity almost of lightning, communicates to every part; spreading a glow of animation, and making even existence a source of delight. But as it stands waiting to receive, and instantly and joyfully to communicate the bread and the milk of Heaven, you throw in alcohol; and thus instead of bread, give it serpents; instead of milk, scorpion; and they go hissing and darting their serpent, scorpion-like influence through the whole man, body and soul; turning husbands into demons, and fathers into fiends; causing them, as it were, to be born of the devil, and regenerated for eternal ruin!

That we may be able to judge more fully the nature of Alcohol and its effect upon the human body; let us look at one of its extreme, but by no means infrequent results, in so called Delirium Tremens, or delirium with TREMBLINGS.

See that miserable victim; surrounded by his wife and friends, he proclaims himself in the midst of devils! His house is hell! The furniture and curtains, are but new racks of torture, and mantling flames! His children are imps; and their toys, disgusting worms, and nauseous reptiles! See! How he starts, when only friendly voices speak, and kindest hands attend him! His tongue seems to him a demon's fang; his eyes are pricking balls of fire; his ears, a medium only for hideous yells; his heart, as a burning mountain in eruption, sends molten fire throughout his nature. Sulphureous clouds surround him, and he stands knee deep in a flaming lake,—now hunted through barren wastes by black and savage wolves; now knotted around and crushed by hissing serpents; or dashed by jeering imps from crag to crag, down, down an unfathomable gulf! He groans for death, but is denied it; he seeks destruction, but cannot find it! But see! His reason dawns! His face grows calm; his limbs relax; he smiles and weeps together; till thought weaves a fresh covering of despair, and quenches the last glimmering of hope for ever!! Such, and a thousand times worse, is that hell on this side death, produced by alcohol—delirium tremens.

We close our remarks under this head with a quotation or two from the highest possible authorities.

A select committee appointed by the New York Senate, reported among other equally astounding statements on the subject:—"Your committee are of opinion that such liquor (Alcoholic) is a poison, and should be so declared and treated; producing a species of insanity which deadens the powers, and inflames the passions; causing the unprovoked commission of crimes on the innocent and unoffending, of an enormity unparalleled in the civilized world; crimes that even barbarians would shudder at, and humanity in its worse forms could not commit, unaided by the demon that is ever present in the drunkard's cup." Dr. Cheyne, in a letter to Dr. Harvey, of Bath, (England) says: "My dear Doctor, how could you think me so foolish as to enter into a crusade against strong drink? Indeed. Why if there were an end put to the drinking of Port, Punch, and Porter, there would be an end to my worldly prosperity. I might discharge my coachman; sell my horses; and once more become a pedestrian. Nay, the whole profession would be ruined; the medical halls would be stripped of their splendor, and disease become comparatively rare, simple, and manageable." It is freely admitted that from time immemorial, some medical men have recommended alcoholic drinks as a beverage. But honest Doctors have done this through ignorance, in the absence of that light which the science of modern days has cast upon the subject. But let us hear further what the above witness says. "It is now time for the members of the medical profession to stand out, and honorably admit the error they have so long laboured under regarding the utility of these drinks; and thus remove some of the evils they have given rise to."

Of similar import is the declaration of the celebrated Sir Astley Cooper: "We have all been deceived. Alcohol is not a tonic or stomachic, but a strong diffusible stimulant; and every bottle that contains it should be labelled 'POISON.'"

In the celebrated Rugely poisoning cases, which filled England with consternation a few years since, Doctor Taylor,

(the very highest authority) twice stated, that "Walter Palmer was poisoned by gin." What more could be said of arsenic?

Very recently 2000 medical men, including many of the first of the profession, have borne a united public testimony, of the same import. A century ago, alcoholic drinks were called by the legislators of England by the appropriate appellation, "bewitching poison." In Eastern nations, they have even been designated as "liquid fire," and "the mother of sins." And by the North American Indians, "Fire Water."

Our Third Topic,—“Why should I be a Teetotaller,”—is already virtually answered. We have shown that none of the alcoholic liquors we know can contribute to the building up of the human structure; and that they contribute no fuel to heat the house; in short, that they furnish nothing which the workers in a healthy body can utilize; and further, that they obstruct the work, disfigure, and pull down the building, take strength from it, stultify and madden the workers, setting them at war one with another—while they ever battle the common foe; and thus those drinks are evil, only evil, and that continually.

On physiological grounds, therefore, I am a Teetotaller, because of these undeniable facts.

Some say they believe in Temperance. I ask what is temperance? "Why moderation." I again ask, what is moderation? You again say, "Temperance." I am now obliged to ask, what do you mean by both? The ordinary notion, the vague idea floating in the minds of many, is, that it is something distinguished from excess. To "take a thing in moderation," means with them, "take it in limited, or small, or careful quantities; but do not take it in large; do not take it in excess." In reply we say, this is not a definition that will bear application to fact. There are a thousand things to which you cannot apply it. Temperance is not a question of quantity. It is not a thing you can measure, or handle. There is no such a thing as a pint of it, or a yard, or a pound. The true thought is altogether in a different sphere.

The words "Temperance," and "Moderation," can be legitimately applied to alcohol, only in the sense in which they are applied to opium, calomel, prussic acid, arsenic, and other poisons. These have their uses; but not as articles of diet; not to build up a healthy human body; and when used, have to be handled with care; but alcohol with greater, if we would escape danger; for none of these create an abnormal appetite for more, in the sense and degree this does. And hence the peculiar danger of its use even medicinally.

Temperance, of which teetotalism is but part, is the proper use of what God HAS APPOINTED, to meet the wants of the body. Hence there is no temperance in the use of alcohol in any degree. GOD HAS STAMPED TEETOTALISM UPON ALL THE FOOD HE GIVES TO MAN.

And now, need I say how unjust is the charge, that teetotalism, the system which is the perfect expression of these beautiful and demonstrable laws of food, rejects the "good creatures of God?" We take them all as he has given them, unchanged, unpoisoned, uncorrupted, and at once vindicate the accordance of teetotalism with the principles of nature, and "justify the ways of God to man."

And then, if we are wise in obeying these clear laws of food, are we not equally wise in accepting the one gift of drink? Food was of two sorts: bricks and mortar, if I may so speak; and fuel food; because we have two losses in the solids. But in drink, it is not so. In regard to liquid we have not two losses, but one, and therefore there is but one liquid given to supply the place. Why do we praise water? For the reason intimated by Shakespeare—because water is good. We say "honest water! Too weak to be a sinner." It cannot sin against the physical, and therefore it never sins against the moral nature of man. Water, in its composition, is a type of innocency, of excellency, of purity. It is the only liquid element that can keep up the vital circulation of the body. Water is the fluid that circulates wherever there is life,—in the verdure of the field, in the flower of the garden, in the

insect of the air, or in the secretions and excretions of animated nature.

The old Greek was right—who 3000 years ago designated water as “the blood of nature.” Why? Because life could not be carried on with dry solid matter; and therefore, though solidity is the basis of our being, liquid is the essential condition of its being a living solid. We want liquid to circulate in the sap and juices of the plant as it grows our food. We want liquid to dissolve it in the stomach, and circulate it in the channels throughout the frame. We want liquid to bring into play all the chemical, and vital, and electric affinities that are involved in our organic, vital being. We want liquid as the one vehicle for the circulation of the solid, and for no other end. And therefore as the end of liquid was one, God has given us but one drink, which He has rightly called the “Water of Life,” and therefore the type, and symbol, of the higher life, and of that truth which is the higher vehicle of spiritual life.

We, at any rate, are not ungrateful in rejecting this, but take it as God has sent it, pure and soft, as it springs and bubbles up from the fountains of the earth, or dashes in crystal cataracts from the lofty hills; and, in so doing, we again vindicate the ways of providence, and justify our claim to act in accordance with the manifestations of eternal wisdom, and Almighty goodness.

Perhaps we cannot more appropriately close, than by repeating Paul Denton's apostrophe to water, who, when asked by a lover of strong drink for the superior liquor he had promised at the party, answered in notes of thunder—pointing with his fingers direct towards a matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns with a sound like a shout of joy, bursting from the bosom of the earth,—“There,” he repeated with a look terrible as the lightning, “there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all His children! Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked by poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare this precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade

and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and child loves to play—there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur, and the rills sing; and high on the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm cloud broods, and the thunder storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricanes howl music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God,—there He brews it—that beverage of health, life-giving water! And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice germ, till all the trees seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail showers; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored rainbow—that seraph zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain drop of earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven. chequered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction! It is always beautiful, that blessed life-water. No poison bubbles on its brink. It brings not madness nor murder. No blood stains its liquid glass. Pale widows and starving orphans weep no bitter tears in its depths. And no drunkard from the grave curses it in words of despair, but would gladly, when too late, supplicate one drop to cool his burning tongue.”

